Aiax. I ſay the proclamation.

Ther. Thou grombleſt and rayleſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatneſſe, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpinas* beauty, I that thou barkſt at him.

Aiax. Miſtres *Therſites*.

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him. *Aiax Coblofe*, Hee would punne thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a ſayler breakes a bisket, you horſon curre. Do? do?

Aiax: Thou ſtoole for a witch:

Ther. I, Do? do? thou ſodden witted Lord, thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, an *Aſinico* may tutor thee, you ſcuruy valiant aſſe, thou art heere but to thraſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſould among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beate mee I will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches, thou thing of no bowells thou.

Aiax. You dog: *Ther.* You ſcuruy Lord.

Aiax. You curre.

Ther. *Mars* his Idiot, do rudeneſſe, do Camel, do, do.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax* wherefore do yee thus, How now *Therſites* whats the matter man.

Ther. You ſee him there? do you?

Achil. I whats the matter. *Ther:* Nay looke vpon him.

Achil: So I do, whats the matter?

Ther: Nay but regard him well.

Achil: Well, why ſo I do.

Ther: But yet you looke not well vpon him, for who ſome euer you take him to be he is *Aiax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Aiax: Therefore I beate thee.

Ther: Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters, his eua-ſions haue eares thus long, I haue bobd his braine more then he has beate my bones. It will buy nine ſparrowes for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow: this Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax*, who weares his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I ſay of him.

Ach. What. *Ther.* I ſay this *Aiax*.